



IN THE BEGINNING  
WAS THE FOAM

In the beginning was the foam.

And the foam was foam

The primordial foam, also known as the soup of potential or evolution's bubble bath, an ooze of microscopic proto lifeforms that bob in and out of time according to an unknown magic.

Slipping and sliding through the quantum gaps in a foamy physics they meld and mingle into staggering molecular narratives. infinitely unstable, unpredictable and wild the stories coalesce into strange beasts lurking in cappuccinos, hand sanitizers, shaving foams and sea spray.

Foam here means the bubbling of bubbles within a large liquid matrix, maybe. Foam also means potential, but also that stuff on the side, the excess that billows out from sub-aquatic vents, exploding from the side of a mouth saying something important. Watch out! The very matter of foam is cumulative, bubbling up in a sea of biological mulch, algal residues, feminist waves and spitty desires. It's mostly gross but also beautiful. Over time it smears and grows with minimal surface tension.

According to some science the beginning of earth life was bubbly. It came from the deep, the excess of those billowing sea vents that made some sort of connection. All life came from this froth on the side which is wildness.

This has been known for centuries. Beginnings are often frothy, goopy expanses that need to be stirred up. Restless Gods that lurk in the chowder realm breathing heavily into the soup. They listen and watch as some other chemical magic begins to whisk this matter into soft peaks. An agitation that lurks deep inside the structure of the bubble itself. Tiny wriggling bisexual entities are coming together forming never ending desire loops.

Both hydrophilic, meaning lover of water and Lypophilic meaning lover of fat these chemical queers reduce the surface tension allowing for bubbly expansion. hydro from the ancient greek for water, Lypo from the ancient greek for animal fat but He are not animal yet we must hold our horses by which we mean the foaming cavalry breaking on the shores of time.

Foam wants in a scattered way that doesn't follow a directional narrative. Foam is like a bag without edges. It scoops. Following unpredictable paths, foam wiggles bobs and floats. Never straight, never really solid or liquid or gas, the in-between is a foamy terrain. We must tread lightly through the bubble realm. Bobbing around the world and appearing on the sidelines of myths, activating magic and creation.

The slime on the side saying something.

In Pre-inca mythology the great creator deity is called Virachoca, who's name translates as Fat or Foam of the lake. The fat of lake Titicaca rose up to breathe life into stones which are us. Sort of like that Christian god who has to breathe, or maybe even blow to bring to life just like a little kid who follows a soap bubble through the air with wonder and promise.

The bubble lands on a white horse who desires the shores of a celtic origin story. she whips her marshmallow mane on a drizzly grey day on the beach, dragging soft muscular

limbs un-used to land. her hot breath, her horse thought bubbles braying into the future which is now which is her power.

Meanwhile Young Ariel falls in love with a human prince, so she strikes a deal with the seawitch in order to be with him. The seawitch warns the Little Mermaid that once she becomes a human, she will never be able to return to the sea in her mermaid form. Consuming the potion will make

her feel as if a sword is being passed through her body, yet when she recovers, she will have two human legs and will be able to dance like no human has ever danced before. However, she will constantly feel as if she is walking on sharp knives, and her feet will bleed terribly. In addition,

she will obtain a soul only if she wins the love of the prince and marries him, for then a part of his soul will flow into her. Otherwise, at dawn on the first day after he marries someone else, the Little Mermaid will die and dissolve into sea foam upon the waves.

We know this story from Disney's the little mermaid. Our poor heroin dancing around with bloody feet with her friendly crab friend. she should have listened when he told her, darling its better down where its wetter, because ultimately she collapses into foamy nothings upon the waves. Remember that version?

But foam, as we are learning, is never nothing.

In Greek mythology Kronos castrates his abusive father on request of Gaia his mother, and throws the slimey bloody organ across the sky and into the sea. The sea broiled and foamed about whipping up a godly froth of a delightful texture, lighter than mouse but heavier than gas. And from this perfectly indefinable and unpredictable substance emerged the slippery body of Aphrodite the goddess of love, seduction and beauty.

The genitals are merely an ingredient in that froth which is where desire, love and sexual rapture are born. Or at least, a certain kind of desire, love and sexual rapture which was served up in a clam for hungry eyes. 'I'm your venus, I'm your fire, your desire' she says while showering beneath a tumbling waterfall, administering shaving foam to the entirety of her body.

Foaming, spuming, growing into unstable castles and magical terrains. these delicate ephemeral architectures are signs of vital and forceful life. It is a 'coming out' urgency riding the waves of stirring powers. Femenism came in waves and left its froth on beached bodies lolling in the sun. Preciado calls it a 'fine ejaculate' glistening on his partners skin after they fuck, a shimmering political ocean. imagine. All that foam. coming out. 'there is something hopelessly queer about foam' said Eileen Myles. It is the excess, the fluids the aftermath the smear. Its also dead mermaids. But they are not dead. They are foam.

Eileen Myles did a talk called 'Foam is so gay' at the rainbow university graduation. Not gay as in joy but queer as in the foundation of all life on earth. You're so gay means you are foam. you are full of the universe which is a big foam of bubbly planets, an aero chocolate bar melting on gods tongue. the big bang was just one big diet coke and mentos moment bursting through the bleeding guts of heaven. I can say this because I was brought up catholic. And i know the meaning of that foamy wafer.

A team of astronomors from the John Hopkins university set out to find the average colour of the universe. They found that the universe is beige-white-brown. The colour was named by Peter Drum, who was sat in starbucks enjoying a coffee when the foam spoke to him. He named the colour the 'cosmic latte' which has become the colour's official name. Other suggestions include 'cosmic cream' 'primordial clam chowder' and 'cappucino cosmico'.

Take a sip as the micro bubbles pop and crackle in minute fizz, on the lip and tip of your tongue. leaving trace of foaming mouth like a dog, by which i mean god. Not in the sense of contagion or rabid virus. but in the drooling happy face of a snoozing god in your lap, twitching and chasing wild creatures through a frothy undergrowth. bubbly froth tricking down a slack jaw onto a sofa cushion.

Suds will wash it. soapy mouth full of sinful thoughts. spit them out into the hedgerow. Confess naughty ideas of fluids and wash away the sin with a good foaming hand sanitiser. Baptised in a bubble bath, splashing and draping foamy hair from chins and armpits, giggling about the future and blowing nose bubbles. Being a kid was all foamy.

Morning dew and spittle bugs touching slimey trails of animal trace. a bubbly froth home for a solo nymph. she cares for her acrid bile that shelters her in perfect wet softness. It looks just like spit, hence the name. But it is home. Someone dares you to eat it. discover the world through oral foam and slime.

But something dangerous lurks in the spitty froth. Im at a foam party on a club med holiday. Its just like a bubble bath but with house music and slippery teenagers. Hormonal surges and disembodied hands being creepy.

A virus ripping through the olive groves of europe, destroying wheatfields and obliterating human crop. It is carried in the spit of the spittle bug. The god Apollo spits into Cassandra's mouth when she withdraws sexual consent. The spit carries a curse that she will be a powerful prophet, but she will never be believed. She will be seen as crazy and hysterical. Seeing wild visions of terrible futures that all come to pass, and yet she is still disbelieved. From outside the bubble of her story, we see her for all her power. Something rumbles from deep within the foam.

Churning waters the foam is all wanting. Even when that wanting is no good. It carries a message and it would be foolish to ignore the clear and vital things foam say, even if it were possible to understand them. Because desiring the froth is a churning thing. Moving.

Rachel weisz spits into Rachel Mcadams mouth and breaks the curse. Phew. Its called disobedience and everyone was talking about the spit. The froth from one Rachel to another is apparently a very big deal. The foam is at work to bring its true knowledge to the world. The mission is sneaky and always happening at the edges of things. Look for the foam. churned into milky clouds that drag across the sand. A message in the latte art, maybe the barista is flirting with you. Tune into the spume of the world, tickling and drying, on your leg, feel it.

Some stuff that's washed up on the beach involves many different foams. Something that seems like a foamy egg sack or perhaps dry seaweed is in fact little bubbles of polystyrene. Again, that stuff on the side. Its like waste but waste is very active. Aphrodite was delivered to the beaches of Cyprus on a pillow of foam. But what about packing peanuts? They are in there. What do they have to say. There was foam before humans and there will be foam after. Chemical compounds bubbling away in the pacific garbage patch amidst a load of pissed- off mermaid spirits frothing about in gelatinous goo of plastic soup. All the ingredients are there but what kind of being will come of all that foam. Some gorgeous agog-thing swooshing around in the muscular life of discarded proteins, flushed condoms and microbeads. A lusty goddess raises up slowly out of the foam, Petroleum remnants of ancient beings leaving beautiful iridescent rainbows on her skin.

